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The BATES STUDENT.

H. C. Wilkinson



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THE SCHOLAR IN POLITICS.

DOWN the centuries, England, mistress of the seas, ruler of lands lying under every constellation, has proudly proclaimed, like the mother of the Gracchi, that her crown's jewels, her scepter's might, her empire's jasper walls and inlaid foundation, are the most loyal of her sons, her scholar politicians. They have broadened her realm; reformed her prisons; freed her slaves; uplifted the down-trodden; made her scepter an emblem of purity, justice, liberty. Milton, Bacon, Pitt, Wilberforce, Shaftesbury, Burke, Beaconsfield, Gladstone, are the names by which some of Cornelia's jewels are known in history. In England's politics the scholar reigns supreme.

Does the scholar administer government in America? Alas, no; and obviously disastrous is the result; for "politics" has become a synonym for the frauds, schemes, impositions of unscrupulous men to secure fame and financial emolument. Thoughtful men seek the reason, asking if the underlying principle of state education is not state preservation, agreeing with Lord Bacon that "learned states have been prosperous states," that "scholarship both tests and enlarges statesmanship."

Insecure office-tenure, insufficient remuneration, corruption, seem insurmountable obstacles in the American scholar's political pathway; and in his high tower he enumerates at midnight the hosts of the heavens, counts at noon-tide the sun's heart-throbs, now takes the census of a water-drop's inhabitants, now scales mountain-sides or descends into caves, reading the story of the

ages. His vast accumulations of knowledge supply chemistry, enriching barren soils and converting waste into wealth; astronomy, guiding frail barks by the aid of distant worlds; biology, revealing secrets in which millions rejoice. But the scholar remains a recluse, unmindful that the world misuses his marvelous gifts.

Are the barriers separating scholarship and statesmanship impassable? That office-tenure is insecure, is true; that remuneration is insufficient, is indisputable; that both these impediments will vanish when corruption disappears, is incontrovertible. What is this slough of corruption from which the scholar, loathing, shrinks? The place where officers and law-breakers confer as to how far laws must be enforced; where police-courts are presided over by men open to bribery; where drinking- and gambling-dens are run by the very officials whose duty it is to enforce laws against them; where spoils and politics are inextricably interwoven; where winning elections is a black art; where offices are the foot-balls of politicians. This malodorous pool the scholar finds in his own city. He discovers, further, that our consuls cannot read, write, or speak the language of their consulates. He loses confidence in legislative bodies, deeming them ignorant, tainted with bribery, wires pulled by their various masters, since the most salutary measures fail, if they antagonize the interests of powerful corporations.

Such are the political conditions now at the very time when a social revolution threatens. Even grammar-school boys inquire the meaning of socialism, while academic students challenge the private ownership of property, discuss government manipulation of natural monopolies, re-adjust capital and labor, re-distribute wealth. Never existed such urgent need of purity in politics, never such demand for leaders capable of winning the masses to clearer ways of thinking.

What are the qualifications of the true politician? He must possess morality and efficiency. He must be indefatigable in support of his principles, yet prepared to meet men of far lower ideals than his own; ready to surrender comfort, even necessities, to insure success; able to meet and overcome rebuffs, ridicule, disaster, defeat. Tact, prudence, personal responsibility, stern opposition to swindlers, scorn of bribes, indomitable moral and physical courage, must be his.

Where is the training-school for such a Hercules? Our educational institutions are democratic to their innermost fiber. The

best elements of the student-body are invariably young men who, by self-denial, industry, heroism, press on to knowledge, by their very presence inspiring their less energetic fellows. Here the indolent and aimless are bubbles on the ocean-surface. Here athletics develop muscle, courage. Here derision meets the cheat, the swindler. Here science inculcates love of truth, necessitates exact reasoning, reveals man's relation to material things; history, economics, sociology, political science, teach man's relation to man; psychology, indispensable for all who wish to approach political, social, or religious questions, unfolds and develops the mind. Here morality and religion inspire honor, philanthropy, patriotism, justice. "The universities have ever initiated and regulated progress. School means leisure; leisure is the condition of inspiration; through this gateway impulses and ideas which elevate the race enter," says one writer.

The ideal politician's character-traits and the scholar's, then, are identical. What is the inference? The American scholar cannot longer be a recluse; the nation has claims upon him. It needs the steadying influence of clearer thought on weighty problems pending. He must be the St. George to kill the dragon, corruption. The preacher, the college professor, the educated man everywhere, must go into active, practical politics. Intellect must not criticise and plan alone; it must act, sharing untiringly in concrete work. It must make itself felt at primaries, caucuses, political meetings, polls. The educated man is commissioned to speak a message of purity, progress, amelioration. What the pigmy politician of the past has not accomplished, the giant scholar must undertake; and a nation's salvation shall crown his efforts,—verily, a royal diadem.

—C. E. L., 1901.

THE WINTER FAIRIES.

One winter's day my little girlie nestled thoughtful on my knee.
 "Auntie, do you know the fairies? Did you ever?" whispered she.
 Soft cheek warm against my shoulder, blue eyes peeping through a curl—
 And I answered softly, "Yes, dear, when I was a little girl."
 All at once the head is lifted, bright blue eyes no longer peep;
 Wide awake she queries, "Auntie, do you know where fairies sleep?"
 "Once I knew, but I've forgotten," smiling at the eager face,
 "Won't you tell me all about it, if you ever found the place?"
 "Why, the roses and the daisies, swinging in the wind just right,
 Make the nicest beds for fairies, and they sleep there every night."
 "But when all the flowers are frozen, and the snow is cold and deep,
 Where," I asked my little maiden, "then do all the fairies sleep?"

Wandering eyes outside the window, seek some answer there to gain,
When a snow-flake, like a rose-leaf, flutters to the window-pane.
Then the blue eyes dance with laughter and she claps her hands in glee;
"Auntie, there's a fairy's bedroom in each snow-flake, don't you see?"

Then her eyes again grow thoughtful, gazing at the snow-drifts white,
And I wonder what grave problem troubles now my little sprite;
Then I offer her a penny all her secret thoughts to tell.
"Why, I's thinking 'bout that snow-drift—just one 'normous big hotel."

—1901.

A QUARREL AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

"I DON'T care, I hate you and everybody and everything in this place! Ever since mother died you have taken it upon yourself to dictate to me. But I'll tell you this much, George Prescott, you have gone one step too far. I shall leave this place at once. You can rest easy on one point, I shall never trouble you again."

The speaker was only a boy, but his white, set face and angry eyes spoke of a man's firmness and of a man's terrible passion. He flung open the kitchen door while speaking, and the night wind filled the room with the heavy odor of lilacs.

"If there were words enough in the English language to tell how I despise your mean, selfish, suspicious, despicable action, I—I—would use them. You may keep the old home until it falls, I shall never darken its doors again."

With these last words Robert Prescott turned and rushed through the door into the night. Behind him he left two persons who stood dazed and horrified with those bitter words ringing in their ears.

"Oh, George, bring him back! Call your brother back and end your foolish quarrel. You boys have nigh about broke your old granny's heart. Do, George, for my sake," wailed the voice of an old woman whose bent form shook with sobs.

But George Prescott neither moved nor spoke. The old woman rose and the moonlight fell on her white hair and troubled face. She approached the boy, for he was but a boy yet, and putting her thin arms about his neck repeated her prayer.

The young man raised his head. His eyes were as dark and gloomy as his brother's had been bright and flashing.

"Granny," he said, "Robert will see his mistake and return. I shall never call him back." Without another word he took off the trembling, withered hand and left the room. And the aged

grandmother, listening, heard him climb the narrow stairs to his room under the eaves and lock the door.

Meanwhile a lad with pale face and half-repentant heart, hidden in the shadow of the lilacs, had seen and heard it all. Alas for good intentions, they were banished in an instant, and in their place came renewed anger and defiance.

"We'll see how soon that time will come, my dear brother," muttered Robert Prescott with a sneer, and whatever his intentions were when he returned to the vicinity of the window, he did not carry them out, but turned away and disappeared in the darkness.

All that night in the old farm-house kitchen, Grandmother Prescott listened for steps that she did not hear. She placed a lamp in the window, but its conciliating light attracted no other wanderer save a moth that beat itself to death against the shade. "Just like my boys," moaned the desolate woman, "destroying themselves by their foolishness." Many sad tears fell on the faded leaves of the old Bible as the watcher sought relief in scripture and in prayer.

Morning came, but Robert did not return. The days passed into weeks, still he did not come, and only once did they hear anything from him to prove that he was alive and not under the waters of the lake, as the old grandmother feared. It was when he had written to a neighbor asking that his trunk might be sent to a distant city. That was all.

And George Prescott remained at home, his life one bitter self-accusation. The quarrel had begun after the manner of brothers' quarrels. Robert was young and thoughtless, George was domineering and exacting. Both had inherited the same quick, fiery temper, though Robert was quicker to relent and to acknowledge a fault. George being nearly two years older than his brother had conceived a greater responsibility since the death of both parents had left him the head of the family. But as Robert said, he had exerted his authority once too much.

How George suffered in his mind during the autumn and winter only he and God can know. The brothers had never been separated before, and everything about the old home spoke of Robert. George's grandmother, too, was an ever-present reproach to him, for this trouble had aged her more than a little. A great longing and restlessness seized him. The quiet life of the farm grew hateful and at last unbearable.

"Granny," said he one day, "I just can't stand it any longer.

I must go away. Uncle John's folks have long urged you to go to live with them, and I know you would have gone years ago but for us boys. Now I am going away and you can go to a home better suited to you than this."

It was vain to resist, and Grandmother Prescott knew it, but she did not consent without a protest. Then after all the arrangements for her departure had been made, something happened which caused her to regret ever having given her consent.

It was the sixteenth day of February, 1898. George returned from the village loaded with papers and overflowing with news. Only the day before the battleship Maine had been blown up while anchored in Havana harbor, and already the country was wild with rumors of war. The militia of which George was a member was considering the question of enlisting. George declared that his mind was made up and he should enlist at once. The old grandmother would have opposed him, but George had his Uncle John on his side and remonstrance was useless. When the volunteers marched to the front George was among them, and his heart was lighter than at any time since his brother had left home.

It was the twenty-third of June, 1898. Colonel Wood and Lieutenant-Colonel Roosevelt were in earnest consultation. Before them lay a map of Santiago de Cuba, and a plan of the Spanish entrenchments at La Quasima. Colonel Wood spoke:

"The Spaniards are stationed at the apex of this V; you will make your assault along the line of this ridge. I will lead my men along the other line by way of the valley. Our attack must be simultaneous."

"Your plans are excellent," replied Lieutenant Roosevelt, "and my men are ready."

Yes, the Rough Riders were always ready, as the American people proudly testify and as the Spaniards learned to their sorrow. The two lines advanced to the attack, led by their enthusiastic commanders. In one division fought college athletes, clubmen, cowboys, and farmer lads, shoulder to shoulder; in the other division there were many veterans cheering the raw recruits. The conduct of all was admirable. The hot tropic sun beat down on northern lads unaccustomed to such intense heat. They became entangled in the barbed wire fences, they saw their comrades fall by Spanish bullets, yet on they pressed, the two lines always drawing nearer together as they approached the entrenchments. One grand assault in which Rough Riders mingled with

infantry, and the battle of La Quasima was won and the Spaniards were fleeing toward Santiago.

Night came quickly, and with the intense darkness of the tropics, covered the battlefield and delayed the work of relief among the wounded. The flickering lights here and there showed where the heroes of the Red Cross Ambulance Corps were at their work of mercy. The wounded and dying men recognized the relief parties and directed them by feeble shouts and moans. Once such cry for help came from a deep ditch, but it seemed as if the weak voice would never be heard.

The sufferer began to drag himself up the steep bank, hoping to be heard when he had gotten himself out of that death-trap. Slowly, painfully he labored, while his brain spun in dizzying whirls. The twinkling stars, far above his head, seemed to mock him with the eyes of demons. Darkness, more terrible than night, enveloped his being as with the shades of the inferno. The world had passed away, and to his clouded brain he seemed to have been struggling for centuries in that bottomless pit. He did not know when he reached the top, but crept on, muttering hoarsely to himself. And now strange dreams or memories seized his brain. He imagined himself to be nearing an old farm-house around which the pines were moaning dismally. He could see a lilac-shaded porch and an old woman with silvery hair. The woman was smiling at him and the delirious man stretched out his arms to greet her, when between him and her he saw a white, boyish face reproaching him for his selfishness. He fell, and complete oblivion saved his brain from utterly perishing.

When he regained consciousness the moon was reddening the eastern sky. The relief party, though still far away, was drawing nearer. Through the stillness of the night he could hear the sentry's call, while near by in the "bosque" he could hear the moanings of a fellow-sufferer. Moved by that instinct that draws together victims of a common misfortune he began to crawl toward the man. At last he reached his side. He raised himself to look at the still, white face, so motionless that, save the low moans, life seemed to have gone out of it forever. The moon shone out from a cloud, and he who looked uttered a cry that pierced through the gloom of death to the other's wavering spirit.

"My brother!"

The other heard, and at the call his soul struggled back to its earthly prison. He opened his eyes and saw looking into his a

brother's eyes. He was not conscious of his conditions or surroundings, for his thoughts and words were of another land.

"Georgie, you have come for me at last."

"Yes, dear old Bob, I am come at last," sobbed the other. Such a meeting would have melted a sterner heart than that of the young Rough Rider.

"And, Georgie, we'll go back home to Granny now, and work the farm, won't we?" pleaded the younger soldier, his uninjured arm about the other's neck.

"Yes, Bob, yes."

"And then we'll never quarrel again, we—I—"

His voice failed him, and with his brother's arms about him, he fainted.

Thus the Red Cross men found them.

Careful nursing saved them both, and they are now living to prove that lives and hearts are often purified as it were by fire, and to realize that no friend is truer than a brother.

SEE ELL JAY.

A TWILIGHT VISION.

At twilight, when the skies are clear and blue,
When night her mantle's fringe allows to sweep
Above us, e'er she comes her watch to keep—
I stand amid the spirit-damp'ning dew.

Above the trill of frogs and birds' last call
I hear a voice, that murmuring seems to say:
"My soul awake and leave this dying day"—
Before me opens wide an echoing hall.

And hollow sound my footsteps entering there,
And hollow echoes back my faintest sigh;
For there dead hopes forever buried lie,
And through their graves with eyes wide-opened stare.

Within, beneath these relics of the past
And fast enclosed, an endless contest still
Is carried on by passions, foes to will;
While shrieks and moanings penetrate the waste.

Above, below, confusion reigns supreme,
As love with hate for mastery contends;
Since each upon the lower powers depends,
And calls for help of all in his extreme.

But as I look with wonder on the scene
Of wild destruction, and as deep despair,
A clear light shines throughout the cruel air,
And strikes to silence all the dread convene.

A tremor, then a hush o'er all the vast—
 For there apart a holy temple stands.
 Like unto that of God's not made with hands,
 And built from stores of treasures of the past.

None pure enough its altar to reveal,
 The portals of themselves fly open wide;
 And there in mingled humbleness and pride,
 Themselves a shrine, two perfect beings kneel.

The one a man, the image of the Christ,
 Doing His will, so perfect none as he.
 The other, woman, by his strength made free
 From many passions, which had else enticed.

A sense of gloom; my fancies all depart;
 The magic twilight deepens into night,
 In reverence, I bow before its might,
 And ponder o'er my vision of the heart.

—F. D., 1902.

WILLIAM MORRIS.

PERHAPS no man who has lived within the memory of the present generation deserves more praise and honor than William Morris. Poet, artist, craftsman, and socialist, by his very life and work he showed remarkable versatility. His ability for all lines of work enabled him to gain at least some degree of success in every undertaking, and one reviewing his life is astonished at the vast amount of work which he accomplished.

He was born in 1834 of a substantial, middle class family. As a youth he was rather sensitive and delicate, lacking that physical strength which afterwards brought him the nick-name, "the Viking." In his earlier youth he was romantic and dreamy, but as he grew older he began to show unmistakable signs of originality and power. According to Morris, work was the main substance of life. Always restless and eager to be doing something, while at school at Marlborough he fastened one end of a net to a desk in the big school-room, and would work at it for hours together to find relief for his restless fingers.

While he was at Oxford he made the acquaintance of Burne-Jones, and they became life-long friends. Later these two became great friends of Rossetti and the three worked together.

Morris and Burne-Jones were greatly influenced by Tennyson, Ruskin, and Carlyle. They were much interested in art. Neither knew much of painting. "It was before the time," says Burne-Jones, "when photographs made all the galleries of Europe accessible, and what would have been better a thousand

times for us, the wall paintings of Italy. Indeed it would be difficult to make any one understand the dearth of things dear to us in which we lived." Yet they were to revive the application of colors in all its forms of glass, painting, and tapestry. In 1854 Morris made his trip abroad to Belgium and Northern France, where he enriched his mind in the best forms of mediæval art. To him architecture was the supreme art of arts, and of all forms of architecture the Gothic was by far the most beautiful and sublime.

Both Morris and Burne-Jones had gone to Oxford with the idea that they were destined for the church. Quite early Morris had indeed thought of devoting his private fortune, which was considerable, to the foundation of a monastery and a workshop for students of the theory and practice of religious art. Gradually by the influence of wider interests he gave up this idea. Already he and Burne-Jones had met with a number of men, such as Fulford, Dixon and Faulkner, who were well up in social studies and were interested in art and literature and in Ruskin's visions for uplifting all modern life by an infusion into it of more soul. Finally, in place of a monastery, they formed "The Brotherhood," whose first object was the establishment of the "Oxford and Cambridge Magazine," and later on they formed the high art manufacturing plant and firm of Morris and Company. "The Oxford and Cambridge Magazine" was not financially supported, although Morris himself, as editor, did much for its success, writing a number of articles which are classed with the great literature of the age. At the same time he wrote many short poems which are the equals of anything he ever did. It was about this time that "Jason," and "The Earthly Paradise," an epic, appeared. The "Sigurd," which was written later, ranks as his best work in poetry. On the day of its publication Morris exclaimed, "There, I have touched my high-water mark!" "The Defence of Guinevere" appeared and "acted with great intensity on a small circle of minds." He could not only describe, but he could also draw and paint in language. It is this characteristic—the pictorial view of things—which in addition to the romantic spirit and the imaginative love of beauty and harmony adds charm to all Morris's work, both artistic and literary. Yet he wrote his poems easily and without premeditation. He has said, "If a chap can't compose an epic poem while he's weaving tapestry, he had better shut up; he'll never do any good at all."

For some time after the financial collapse of the "Oxford and

Cambridge Magazine" he was undecided what course to take. He was much interested in architecture and painting, but he soon found that there were other things for which he was better suited. When he was twenty-three years old, he left Oxford, and he and Burne-Jones set up Bohemian house-keeping together in London. When they set out to buy furniture for their rooms he could find nothing which was not flimsy and vulgar. Even when he designed his chairs and tables the manufacturer to whom he took his designs gave him nothing more satisfactory. At last he found a good carpenter and had him make certain articles of furniture in plain deal from designs or drawings which he gave him. The result was described by Rossetti after it reached the rooms as "intensely mediæval furniture . . . ; first, a table as firm and heavy as a rock, then large chairs, such as Barbarossa might have sat in." But for all that Rossetti laughed, he made designs for panels for the cupboard doors, panels which have since become known as the "Meeting of Dante and Beatrice in Florence," and their "Meeting in Paradise." Morris himself painted the backs of the chairs, and Burne-Jones covered the wardrobe with illustrations from Chaucer's "The Prioress's Tale." Morris was beginning to know himself and what work he was best suited to do. After this time his mechanical and inventive genius reached out in all directions. "He was busy with the work of illumination to improve the character of printed books; he tried his hand at fresco decoration; he took up carving and bronze work; he drew and colored designs for stained-glass windows; he made experiments in reviving the decayed art of embroidery, getting an old pattern frame made for him, and having worsted specially dyed for his use by an old French dyer.

At this time furniture, hangings and carpets were made after hideous patterns with false outlines and coloring. To Morris it seemed that barbarism was gaining a hold upon the people and their tastes. It was his object to so bring it about that the people might, for the same sum which they paid for articles vulgarly and ridiculously decorated, procure articles which should be pretty and tasty.

The firm Morris and Company had for its aim the manufacture of such articles as could be designed and made beautiful as well as useful; for instance, carpets, wall-papers, curtain hangings and chairs. Beginning in London the various agencies were, later on, transferred to other parts of England. But it was Morris, the "mediæval craftsman," the man of brain and

hand, who was always the central figure. Well does he deserve the title he once humbly claimed—"If I deserve it—the Master Artisan."

It is almost impossible to gain a full idea of his labors. During all his toil his natural bent for socialism was steadily deepening and intensifying. In his case, socialism was not so much the result of reasoning as an inherent something in his every instinct, every yearning, every active faculty of his being. He said, "Every one of the things that go to make up the surroundings among which we live must be either beautiful or ugly, either elevating or degrading to us, either a burden and a torment to the maker of it to make, or a pleasure and solace to him." The separation of brain and hand, wrought by the present social order, and the misery this was causing in the world, made him grow more and more passionate at injustice. He was ready for revolution in order that a better condition might come from it. He threw aside everything, poetry, architecture and culture in order to bring about this new and better social condition. Caste would be done away with and all should become common toilers for the common good. In order to further his undertaking he published a socialistic paper, "The Commonwealth," and when chided by a friend and told that by taking up such a line of work he would lose all chance of ever becoming poet laureate of England, he made answer, "If I can't be the laureate of reading men, I'll be the laureate of sweating men."

—D. E. M., 1902.

Alumni Round-Table.

THE STANTON CLUB.

Friday evening, February 2, the Stanton Club tendered a banquet at the New Falmouth, Portland, in honor of Prof. J. Y. Stanton of this college. Several guests from Boston and over fifty Maine alumnæ and alumni of Bates gathered in the sumptuous parlors of the hotel at 6 P.M. for the business meeting. The following officers were then elected: President, W. H. Judkins, '80, Lewiston; Vice-President, A. S. Littlefield, '89, Rockland; Secretary, Scott Wilson, '92, Portland; Treasurer, C. J. Nichols, '90, Portland.

After the meeting the happy party adjourned to the dining-room, where a banquet of six courses was served with the most

perfect appointments. The tables were effectively enlivened with flowering azalias and the brilliant coloring of the fruits, silver and glass. At each plate there was a carnation, and the attractive menu tied with the Bates garnet and containing an excellent half-tone portrait of Prof. Stanton. Throughout the banqueting hour music was furnished by the orchestra.

For the post-prandial exercises Hon. W. H. Judkins introduced Hon. O. B. Clason as toast-master. In this capacity Mr. Clason called upon President G. C. Chase and several of the *alumnæ* and the *alumni*, who all responded with witty and eloquent tributes to Professor Stanton, to whom Bates so largely owes its present high character.

PERSONAL.

'69.—Rev. W. H. Bolster, D.D., is pastor of the Congregational church in Nashua, N. H.

'70.—Josiah Chase is president of the York Water Co.

'73.—L. C. Jewell, M.D., is practicing medicine in South Portland, Me.

'73.—E. R. Angell of Derry, N. H., was the expert chemist for the State in the recent trial of E. H. Knight for murder.

'74.—F. T. Crommett of Chelsea, Mass., is practicing law in Boston.

'77.—G. H. Wyman of Anoka, Minn., was the prosecuting attorney in a recent widely known murder case.

'79.—E. W. Given, Ph.D., is instructor of Greek in Newark Academy, Newark, N. J.

'82.—W. S. Hoyt, M.D., is city physician in Waltham, Mass.

'82.—L. T. McKenney is now residing in Arlington, Mass.

'83.—H. H. Tucker of North Cambridge is principal of the Melrose Grammar School, Melrose, Mass.

'83.—L. B. Hunt is a prosperous merchant in Gray, Me.

'84.—E. M. Holden, M.D., is practicing medicine in Boston, Mass.

'84.—E. W. Emery is at the head of the signal service station in New York City.

'87.—H. L. Cushman, Ph.D., professor of philosophy in Tufts College, has prepared a course of lectures on pedagogy.

'89.—J. I. Hutchinson, Ph.D., instructor in the department of mathematics in Cornell University, has recently returned from an extended European tour.

'92.—Scott Wilson is Assistant County Attorney for Cumberland County, Maine, and has also been chosen president of the Portland Common Council.

'94.—A. H. Miller, M.D., has opened an office in Providence, R. I.

'95.—W. S. Brown has been elected municipal judge of Dexter, Me.

'95.—A. W. Hutchins is instructor of the sciences in the Melrose High School, Melrose, Mass.

'97.—F. L. Sampson is instructor of mathematics in the High School at Chelsea, Mass. He has been very successful in the organization of a fine high school orchestra.

'98.—Rev. Frederick R. Griffin, who is a student in the Harvard Divinity School and at present is the acting pastor of the Unitarian Church in East Weymouth, has received a call to become pastor of the All Souls' Church in Braintree, Mass.

'99.—W. S. Bassett has entered upon a course of study in the Newton Theological School.

1900.—H. E. Dunham is instructor of the sciences in the High School at Amesbury, Mass.

1900.—L. G. Whitten, who has been recently elected principal of the High School at Marshfield, Mass., has just entered upon his new duties.

1900.—L. L. Powell has been detained from pursuing his studies in the Harvard Law School on account of sickness.

1900.—Miss Grace A. Tarbox, principal of the South Portland Grammar School, has been spending a short vacation at home.

1900.—Miss Edith S. Parker, who is teaching in the Pleasantdale High School, spent a few days of her recent vacation in Lewiston.

Around the Editors' Table.

A GAIN and again have the editors appealed to the generosity and college spirit of the students to support the college paper. Indeed, perhaps this appeal has come so often that it has lost all meaning to many and has come to be considered only "an old story." Yet the present board of editors make one more urgent appeal in behalf of the STUDENT. We feel that we cannot make the paper a success unless we have the help of more of the college students. We cannot make the paper truly represent the college when the work is all done by the editors and a certain few who are willing to help. We want the sympathy and the aid of all.

Perhaps the reason why there is so much difficulty in obtaining parts for publication, arises not so much from lack of interest as from thoughtlessness and lack of responsibility. Too often, when one is asked to write some part, we hear the reply, "Oh! I can't write anything fit to be printed. Ask some one else who can write better than I." And so one shifts the responsibility to another, and often the work falls finally on the shoulders of the editors. This, certainly, is not as it should be. While a board of editors is appointed to publish the paper, the responsibility is not, therefore, all taken from the rest of the students. The STUDENT should represent the students and not the editorial board.

So again every member of the college is urged to think carefully of the matter and lend his aid to the advancement of his college magazine. Let us get away from the mistaken sense of our own littleness and inability, and simply do our best. Only in this way, by the coöperation of all, can we hope to make the STUDENT a success.

WE, as well as all other people, need to be shaken up every little while, for we are constantly falling asleep over one subject or another. Just now it seems to be debating that has been neglected. We have been so busy "making up" our other work that we have given too little attention to the literary societies, especially the debating part of them. As their strength really is and ought to be in debate, this will not do. Our three societies always have been, both intellectually and socially, among our best helps and privileges as college students, and we must do our best to keep them so.

Unless we continue to have earnest debates here at home, we shall soon have but poor material for our contests outside, because in argument, style, and delivery, just as in everything else, perfection is reached only by a great deal of faithful practice. We surely cannot afford to lose our well-earned reputation as debaters.

Our societies must have practical, live questions with good, hearty support, if they are to prove worthy of the name of debating societies. Let everybody that can debate at all, and how many are there that cannot, rouse up and show what he is capable of.

Let us make the standard of our meetings in all their parts the highest that is in our power.

WHEN we are a hundred miles from Bates we think with longing and regret of her carefully chosen collection of books and of all the opportunities offered us, through them, of filling our minds with high and noble thoughts. We promise ourselves faithfully to set apart a time each day to reading good literature. However, as soon as we are back in college life, time is so filled up with pressing duties, that our good resolutions gradually fade away, and we find ourselves catching only hurried glances at the books we long to read. Is this right? The reading of good books is in itself an education. Ought we not to strive a little to get this education? Many of us struggle hard and endure hardships that we may get text-book learning, while this other broader learning is not cultivated. Can we not devote some of our perseverance to getting that broadening, ennobling culture that comes from familiarity with great men and thoughts?

WE consider it fitting at this time to call the attention of the students to basket-ball. We are glad to see that they are beginning to arouse some interest along this line among themselves. But, as this is steadily growing to be the most important intercollegiate game of the winter season, we think that it should receive much greater attention from the students in our own college. Bates has already secured for herself an enviable position in foot-ball and base-ball by means of the representative teams which she has been able to send out; and therefore we deem it proper that the students should devote some attention, at least, to this winter sport, in order that the college may be able to sustain the high reputation it has already won in the athletic interests of Maine. We realize how fully the time of our students is now

taken up by the regular college work, the society work, and the various other lines in which so many of us are interested; yet by carefully employing our time to the best of our ability we think there will be found a few moments each day which can be devoted to the interests of this game. We would further suggest that the management establish a training table for the basket-ball players, and that they with the hearty coöperation of the faculty, should prepare a schedule of games which shall not only lend inspiration to the players but also arouse the hearty support of the student-body, for it is only by this joint action of faculty and students that the best results along this line can be obtained.

WITH the approach of spring comes the thought that the athletic season will soon be upon us, and that perhaps now is the best time to arouse interest. Bates is champion of New England in tennis doubles, and we should make it our aim that she remain so. Of last year's work in base-ball we have every reason to be proud, and for this year the outlook is very encouraging. But in track athletics there is great room for improvement. Let every man come out and do his best—there is material enough, the will only is lacking. Work is the essential element of every success. Work has humbled one champion, held to be invulnerable, and will humble again. We have proven our ability to overcome in foot-ball; let us prove it in track athletics. Let us all give our support in work, in time, in encouragement, and the result will be what we hope.

Local Department.

MARSHALL DAY.

Under the directions of the Class of 1902, the one-hundredth anniversary of the elevation of Chief Justice John Marshall to the Supreme Court of the United States was celebrated by Bates, Monday, February 4th, at 2.30 P.M. The program was as follows:

Music.	Orchestra.
Prayer.	Childs, Class Chaplain.
Music.	Orchestra.
Vocal Solo.	Miss Carrie Miller.
Address.	Hon. Albert R. Savage, LL.D.
Music.	Orchestra.

Judge Savage was introduced by President Merry of the Junior Class and spoke somewhat as follows: He dwelt upon the trying situation after the Revolutionary War and before the adoption of the Constitution. He spoke of Marshall's firm belief as a Federalist in a strong government, and of his appointment as the fourth chief justice by President Adams. He reviewed Marshall's great opinions, and spoke of the great principles of constitutional law which he laid down in the famous Dartmouth College case and other cases. Continuing, he said: "In constitutional development he was supreme. To no other judge ever fell so important, so vital a function; and no judge ever wrought more patiently, faithfully, and successfully. His conception of the Union under the constitution was a simple one. He thought that the American people, irrespective of state lines, was one people, made one by the constitution; that they had framed and consented to live under a dual government, national and state; that the line of political and judicial power diverting them was fixed and marked; that each government was supreme and self-sustaining in its own sphere; that individual liberty and safety and universal prosperity, the strength of state government and the perpetuity of national government, all depends upon the absolute supremacy of the constitution, the fundamental law." Judge Savage concluded by citing Professor Bryce's opinion on Chief Justice Marshall.

For the second time within a week did a well-filled chapel feel that they had been well repaid for braving the storm.

Y. W. C. A. NOTES.

Although the Day of Prayer brought the bad weather which has been the record for the past four years, it also brought some of the most beautiful thoughts which it has ever been the privilege of Bates students to enjoy.

The associations were blessed in securing for the afternoon address Rev. Dr. Hoyt of Philadelphia, one of those rare men who seem to be so permeated with the Christ that his very presence cheers and strengthens. It was impossible to look into his kind eyes without feeling the chord of sympathy vibrate, or to look at his genial face without the words coming to one's mind, "Prayer will in time make the human countenance its own divinest altar."

"Nature is conquered by obeying." Dr. Hoyt's words came to our hearts with more force because we felt he was a living testimony of those things he urged upon us, and he touched a principle which too often goes unnoticed. When does an evil thought become a personally sinful thought? Sin consists of suggestion and delectation. Because Satan always assails the weakest point, the suggestion will come. There is no sin in temptation. Was not Christ troubled with evil thoughts in the wilderness when the temptation came to turn stones into bread? If he had taken delight in that thought for a minute he would have thwarted the central purpose of His Messiahship—not to be ministered unto, but to minister. From this we learn that the evil thought becomes a personally sinful thought, not in the suggestion of it, but in the consent to do it, for a wise preacher has said, "You can't help the birds flying over your head, but you can help their building nests in your hair."

Dr. Hoyt finally proved that all stipulated rules for banishing our evil natures were fallible, and the only infallible way is to utterly crown the Greater Solomon and to hold one's self in conscious contact with Christ; then shall we be changed into the same image from glory unto glory, crowned in the image of Christ Jesus.

His central thought is well worth memorizing and making one of the foundation principles of our lives—"Crown the right, the true, the pure, and *keep them crowned*, and in the presence of the crowned right, and true, and pure, the bad and false will fade and fail and pass away."

This address supplemented by two prayer-meetings, in the morning led by Mr. Wilson, '01, and in the evening by Professor

Jordan, made the day one of spiritual growth and the most helpful of all in the college calendar if we but make that wonderful wealth of thought our own.

GLIMPSES OF COLLEGE LIFE.

The Intercollegiate Debate is scheduled for April 26th.

Blake, '02, has taken a school at Livermore for the spring term.

Unless '03 boys look out, '03 girls can beat them at dumb-bells.

Clason, 1900, continues to be seen frequently about the campus.

Towne, '03, is teaching a high school term of eight weeks in Wayne.

Childs, '02, will be absent the rest of the term, teaching at New Sharon.

Mrs. Leonard has been called to Chicago by the serious illness of her mother.

We were glad to welcome Misses Tarbox and True, 1900, on their vacation visits to Bates.

Miss Vickery, '01, has gone to Pittsfield to substitute for Miss Files, '98, who has been quite ill.

We hope none of the Freshmen made the great mistake of a recent alumnus, in calling a nut-hatch a robin.

Owing to the illness of the pastor, Dr. Geer delivered the sermon at the Court Street Baptist Church, February 17th.

Some of the Sophomores are taking French outside the regular work. This shows their eagerness to learn all they can.

Moulton, '01, who has been very ill with grippe, is reported as out of danger. We shall all be glad to welcome him back.

Many of the students will greatly miss Rev. C. S. Patton. All wish him the highest success in his work at Ann Arbor.

The Sophomores are having Monday off in order that they may prepare for their debates. They are very evident in the library.

We are glad to observe that the Seniors have put their Sociology into practice. We hope the Social Settlement has received as much benefit as they have.

Almost all our school-masters and school-ma'ams are back again, after more or less stern discipline and severity.

President Chase has secured a new carpet for the chapel stage. The whole college will be well able to appreciate this gift.

Stevens, '01, has been elected chairman of Eurosophia's Executive Committee to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Wagg, '01.

There are some people who are always late. Students that have not had the grip need not flatter themselves. They may belong to that class.

Bates has set the ball rolling for building in Lewiston. May the city library and the new high school be as successful as our library building.

The age of chivalry has returned. At the station recently, two hackmen almost came to blows for the sake of a charming Freshman young lady.

Faculty as well as students succumbed to the grip. Among the sufferers were Mrs. Chase, Mrs. Rand, Professor and Mrs. Angell, Mrs. Leonard, and Mr. Nutt.

Chase, 1900, who was about the campus recently, left on the Pullman, February 17th, for Nogales, Arizona Territory, where he will visit Reud, 1900, who is preaching there. Eddy has just had his life insured.

One of our fellow-students, in order to get back to college on time, walked fifteen miles through a blinding storm. Another walked from New Gloucester through the deep snow. It is worth while to have such students as those.

The welcome which President Chase received in chapel February 14th must have been very gratifying to him, in the assurance which it gave him of the hearty appreciation by the student body of his work in behalf of the college while away.

We have not been deluged with lectures this winter, but have had enough to furnish considerable food for thought—Dr. Stuckenberg for the philosopher, Ernest Seton-Thompson for the naturalist, Mr. Archibald for the teacher, Judge Savage for the historian. Where shall we turn now for instruction?

The Bates Round Table met with Professor and Mrs. Jordan, January 24th, Dr. Salley presiding. The topic of the evening was *Cyrano de Bergerac*, the principal address being by

Dr. Leonard. The after speeches were: The Historical Cyrano, Professor Anthony; Rostand's Earlier Dramas, Professor Harts-horn; Rostand's Latest Drama, "L'Aiglon," Professor Clark.

Is it the custom of Bates students to mail packages and let the one addressed pay the postage, or was it because of great excitement that one of the members of the Sophomore Class failed to put a stamp on a valentine addressed to a young lady in Boston?

Wednesday afternoon, January 23d, Rev. William J. Taylor lectured before the students of Cobb Divinity School on the subject, "Glimpses of the Twentieth Century Religion." January 30th, Rev. C. C. Phelan gave a lecture on "Enthusiasm." February 20th, Rev. C. S. Patton lectured on "Elements of Success in the Christian Ministry."

The young ladies of the college have formed a glee club and are rehearsing under the directions of Professor Mower, Supervisor of Music in the Auburn public schools. More than twenty have joined already and are eager to make it a success. This and the young ladies' mandolin club ought to help us to be very musical. It is hoped that we shall hear from them later.

The Athletic Exhibition is to occur March 20th. There will be the usual prize Class Drills, namely: The Juniors, the broadsword; the Sophomores, the dumb-bell, and the Freshmen, the Indian-club. Among the other attractions will be hurdle-races, relay races, short dashes, etc. The Exhibition will end with a basket-ball game between Hebron Academy and Bates.

Base-ball practice began Wednesday, February 6th, under the direction of Captain Deane. The squad, which assembles daily in the cage, included the following: Captain Deane, '02; Smith, '01; Clason, '02; Daicey, '02; Moody, '02; Lang, '02; Sullivan, '02; Allen, '03; Bucknam, '03; Maerz, '03; Munroe, '03; Murphy, '03; Stone, '03; Towne, '03; Cole, '04; Edgcomb, '04; Hayes, '04; Lewis, '04. Captain Deane is very much pleased with the material at his command, and is confident of turning out a winning team. Mr. Slattery, '97, a former captain of the team, has been secured as coach, and will undoubtedly give good satisfaction.

College Exchanges.

THE storm rages wildly without; the wind howls in varied key through the pines; the blinds rattle, and the sleet with spiteful vim beats upon the windows. "Away with weary cares and themes." Welcome the easy-chair, the open fire, and day-dreams. Welcome, ye exchanges; delight with love and song, with poetry and prose, with fiction and essay, with art and science, the occupant of the rocking-chair, oblivious of the raging elements.

The *Dartmouth Magazine* gives a clear resumé of the history and of the legal aspect of the famous "Dartmouth College Case." The ability and eloquence of Webster is highly spoken of, and the success of the suit is largely attributed to his clear statement of it. Though the plot of an "Unknown Substitute" is quite ordinary, and the element of probability may at times be questioned, it is well written and interest is well maintained. "A Question of Morals" is no common love story. The uneasiness caused by lack of confidence, the frankness of friendly criticism, the mother's anxiety increasing the lover's doubt, the explanation and love the result of restored confidence, are traits of human nature vividly and simply portrayed and well-woven into the plot. The book reviews in this magazine are always praiseworthy. They are specific in their treatment and give one not a vague but a clear conception of the book reviewed.

How much of life's energy is devoted to the art of interpretation? How we long to understand aright the thoughts, and needs, and actions of others. An article in the *Tuftsian* treats of the "Kings in Hamlet," elucidating several quotations and showing that the contrast between the kings is "one of mental worth, not physical perfection." "At Home and Abroad" is an excellent illustration of the fact that philosophy is not wholly a matter of theory, but is capable of very practical application.

Although America has historic places and beautiful scenery to boast of, still the eastern world, savoring more of antiquity and of the sublime, exerts a special charm upon westerners. The *Haverfordian* for January and February entices its readers abroad four times. "Out of Salisbury" is so permeated with the very atmosphere of the "country lanes and winding water-ways of Devon" that we feel the spirit of reverence which awed the author as he wandered in the foot-steps of Sidney and Shakes-

peare. "A Scramble up the Matterhorn" is so carefully written in each detail that one not only has an excellent idea of mountain-climbing in general, but also of the particular difficulties and peculiarities of the Matterhorn. The description of the sunrise deserves special mention. "La Piazzo San Marco" makes one appreciate the imposing grandeur of ancient architecture, while "Cricket in Samoa" delights one with the novelty of barbarian skill in games. A suggestion: If this magazine contained poetry and more of fiction, either in stories or sketches, it would rank among the best on our exchange table.

The *Adelbert* has taken a very ingenious way of arousing base-ball interest by narrating in six short, almost incredulous stories some great feat or skilful trick on the diamond.

"The Open Secret of a Beautiful Life" is a masterly article in the *Silver and Gold*. It is rich in choice thought, full of helpful suggestion, and permeated with a love for the noble and true.

The *Oc̄cident*, from the University of California, contains mostly short stories and sketches. Though these compositions are good in their place, is it advisable to have them constitute the largest per cent. of literary matter in a college paper? They are interesting, but both style and thought show much haste. Will not the tendency of the student be to skip an essay or a critique for the entertaining but less instructive story?

The *Peabody Record* presents articles of interest in the branches of literary criticism, fiction, and science. It is very attractive.

The *University of Ottawa Review* in its coat of silver-grey indexes the character of its contents. The articles are of value, but so dignified; the titles are suggestive: "Meteorological Phenomena"; "The Act of Union"; Sienkiewicz and His Trilogy of Polish Novels." We miss the snap of college ingenuity and wit.

"Once Love and Fate a game of foot-ball played,
A man's poor heart the ball—the field his Soul.
He won her heart but failed to wed the Maid.
So Love a Touchdown scored, but missed the Goal."

—*William and Mary College Monthly*.

THE FROST.

Upon the window forms the silent frost,
When winter's breathing gathers there and turns
To icy sheathing, and is all embossed
In varied forms of flowers, and leaves, and ferns,
As if the moisture that is there enchained

Had been the bosom of a woodland stream,
As if in freezing it had still retained
The shapes it mirrored in the summer's dream.

—BRADLEY, *Dartmouth Magazine*.

THE FOOT-BALL GIRL.

A stunning girl in royal furs
Which well befit her queenly air,
A gleam of ice, a careless step,
And what a fall in furs was there.

The eager hands outstretched to aid
She waved aside in quick disdain,
And then with calm, courageous air,
She sighed, "First down, two feet to gain."

—*Yale Record*.

"Dear father, once you said, 'My son,
To manhood you have grown,
Make others trust you, trust yourself,
And learn to stand alone.'

"Now, father, see, I graduate,
And those who long have shown
How well they trust soon want their pay
And I can stand a-loan."

—*Ex.*

GETTIN' HOME.

It's nigh ter forty years now
Sence I seen the roarin' sea,
But at times a far-off murmur
Seems ter break inland ter me,
An 'way acrost the rollin' plains
'Pears to gleam the distant foam.
It's only mist afore my eyes,
You see, I'm gettin' home.

—WEBBER, *Bowdoin Quill*

TO WHOMEVER IT MAY CONCERN.

You can talk of evolution from beginning unto end,
And can lecture on the morals of the race;
But you'll do a heap more lifting to your neighbor and your friend
Just by wearing of a smile upon your face.

You can talk of Christian kindness till it's time to go to bed,
And can babble on unselfishness and sigh;
But when your preachin' is completed, and all is done and said,
The boy will take the biggest piece of pie.

You can kill yourself to liven man's dead soul,
 But here's one thing that will bring you to a stop.
 When reform and human nature get to scrappin' in a hole,
 Human nature's bound to come out at the top.

So plan your reformation in accordance with the grain;
 And try to stroke to tailward of the cat.
 Don't bank your faith too heavily on every conscience pain.
 And always take the newest looking hat.

—DAVIS, *Dartmouth Magazine*.

Our Book-Shelf.

The Book-Shelf presents somewhat of a cosmopolitan appearance this month, as it proudly displays the written representatives of four different parts of the world,—the United States, Scotland, Greece, and the Philippines.

*The Darlings*¹, by Elmore Elliott Peake, gives us an insight into American life. As a purely delightful and fascinating novel it can scarcely be surpassed. If "unique" can be applied to a book it certainly can to some chapters of this book. The leading characters are the Darlings—the family of a wealthy railroad president—and a young Methodist minister, Mr. Kaltenborn. The daughter, Carol, is a strange mixture of the society girl and the business woman. We become more or less interested in this girl who spends her days in the office at the depot, and her evenings either in the ball-room or in her richly furnished home in conversation with the Rev. Mr. Kaltenborn. She will, however, be likely to interest us far less than her brother Bert and his gentle fiancée, Elsie. Bert was cursed with an overwhelming love for drink at times. With him, his thirst was an inherited disease. We learn both to pity and to admire the noble boy, so pitifully afflicted, as he struggles against it, for his manhood's, his family's, and Elsie's sake. His last bitter temptation, his conquering of it, his delight at feeling his victory, and then, in the exhilaration of that moment, his attempt to test himself, and alas! his fatal yielding are wonderfully described. We might suggest that the book smacks a bit too much of cigar smoke and the odors of a railroad depot to become very well known in literary circles.

One can almost feel his lungs expand and his head grow clearer with the fresh mountain airs of Scotland as he reads the breezy Scotch tales of Mr. Crockett in *The Stickit Minister's Wooing*.² We all welcome again with a quiet delight the "Stickit Minister" and the "grey Galloway land." The minister himself is grown older and feebler, but he is still the Stickit Minister. Alexander McQuihirr tells the story of Robert's early love and how he passed away while serving the bairns of his old sweetheart, Jessie Loudon. There are other sweet, homely tales of Scotch life told by Dr. McQuihirr. Among them are "Gibby the Eel," "Dr. Girnigo's Assistant," "The Gate of the Upper Garden," "Jaimsie,"

"Carnation's Morning Joy," "The Blue Eyes of Ailie," "A Scientific Symposium," and "The Hempie's Love Story," "The Little Fair Man," and "The Two Humorists." Dr. McQuihirr puts a quiet vein of humor through all, as he speaks now and then of his wife Nance in terms that are meant to show how superior to her he feels, but which give one just the opposite impression.

It is refreshing in this period of the historical novel and sentimental poetry, to come across a classical gem. Mrs. Fields in her masque *Orpheus*³ gives us a new insight into the old story of Orpheus and Eurydice. Orpheus seeks Eurydice in Hades with his "soulful lyre." A band of lonely, sinful spirits is drawn to him by the sweet tones of his lyre. For a moment he forgets self in contemplation of them and sees how sinful he has been in demanding back Eurydice.

"Blind, rebellious have I been,
Now I see and know my sin!"

Eurydice appears and all his helpful impulses flee. She, a changed being, beseeches him to continue playing for the spirits. But he pleads only for her to return to the earth with him. She follows him to the gates of Hades still pleading, when with a final "I go! Wilt thou follow?" she vanishes and Orpheus' "arms were empty of delight."

"She strove to lead me to my finer self,
And I, and I—listened but would not hear.
. . . Ah! now I see, too coarse,
With robes of flesh upon me, is my sense."

But the Bacchantæ appear and, being tempted, he yields to pleasure, to his own destruction.

Albert G. Robinson opens his new work, *The Philippines: The War and the People*⁴ with a brief but clear history of the islands. The body of the work is divided into two parts, the war, and the people. The foundation of the present trouble was laid three hundred years ago. By his view the trouble started in the overbearing spirit of the religious incumbents who formerly were in control of the islands. Independence was not the first object in view when arms were taken up, but the ridding themselves of the friars. The course of the commanding American generals is strongly criticised, especially in regard to the censorship, keeping the state of affairs from those at home. Following this is an account of Filipino life, religion, industries, habits, and characteristics. Mr. Robinson was, for seven months, staff correspondent of the New York "Evening Post," and the book is a publication in book form of his letters.

Rev. Alford Butler Warden of Seabury Divinity School, has just written a most helpful and suggestive book for Sunday-School teachers and Bible students, *How to Study the Life of Christ*.⁵ His view is that taking the gospels for a guide, we should study the life of Jesus of Nazareth as the life of the Son of God who came to found the kingdom of God. He divides His life into its natural periods, as one would the life of any man. There are five such periods—from His birth to His ascension, which he makes the foundation of the study. The study requires much thought, much original work, and much tabulating. But when one

has completed the study, he will have something to show for it—not just a vague idea of a few events in the Great Life, but a definite knowledge of its main points.

The American Book Company sends a set of *Language Books* and *Grammars*,⁶ this month. They are excellent books. They have been adopted for some time in many schools. Robert C. Metcalf, Supervisor of Schools, Boston, and Orville T. Bright, Superintendent of Schools, Cook County, Ill., are the compilers. The Language Lessons are particularly to be commended as they use a simple, natural method of instilling the first principles of grammar into the child's mind. The Grammar is an accurate, fairly exhaustive treatment of the English language.

¹The Darlings. Elmore Peake. McClure, Phillips & Co.

²The Stickit Minister's Wooing. S. R. Crockett. Doubleday & McClure Co.

³Orpheus. Mrs. Fields. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

⁴The Philippines: The War and the People. Albert Robinson. McClure, Phillips & Co.

⁵How to Study the Life of Christ. Rev. Alford Butler. Thomas Whittaker.

⁶Language Lessons, Part I. and II. Metcalf and Bright. English Grammar. Metcalf. American Book Company.

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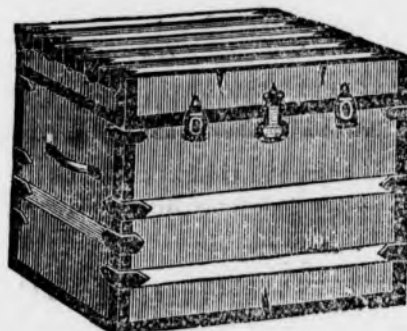
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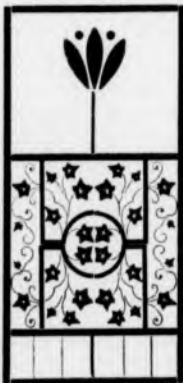
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